

A Small Society

When Hennesy Birdsong's ten-year girlfriend
left him, we couldn't wait to revenge ourselves on
The Master Ribber!

The Melody in question, too, left a trail of bright
crumbs regarding their sex life, bizarre and prosaic
at once. Her female chums relayed such, in detail.

So much that we had to plan the precise first jab.
Hart, our most educated, assumed the final,
verbal role.

Something softly literary, yet singularly vicious!

So so cruelly successful that Henzy cried a solid hour,
We piled beer and Fritos in front of him, and grew scared
when the fountains splashed into yet another hour.

He was having trouble catching his breath.

So we phoned our absent Dr Brister, on hospital duty.

"He'll stop. We all stop."

He did and wow! The Guilt Trips!

Inquiries have been made as to the exact insult.

But that would be wasting it.